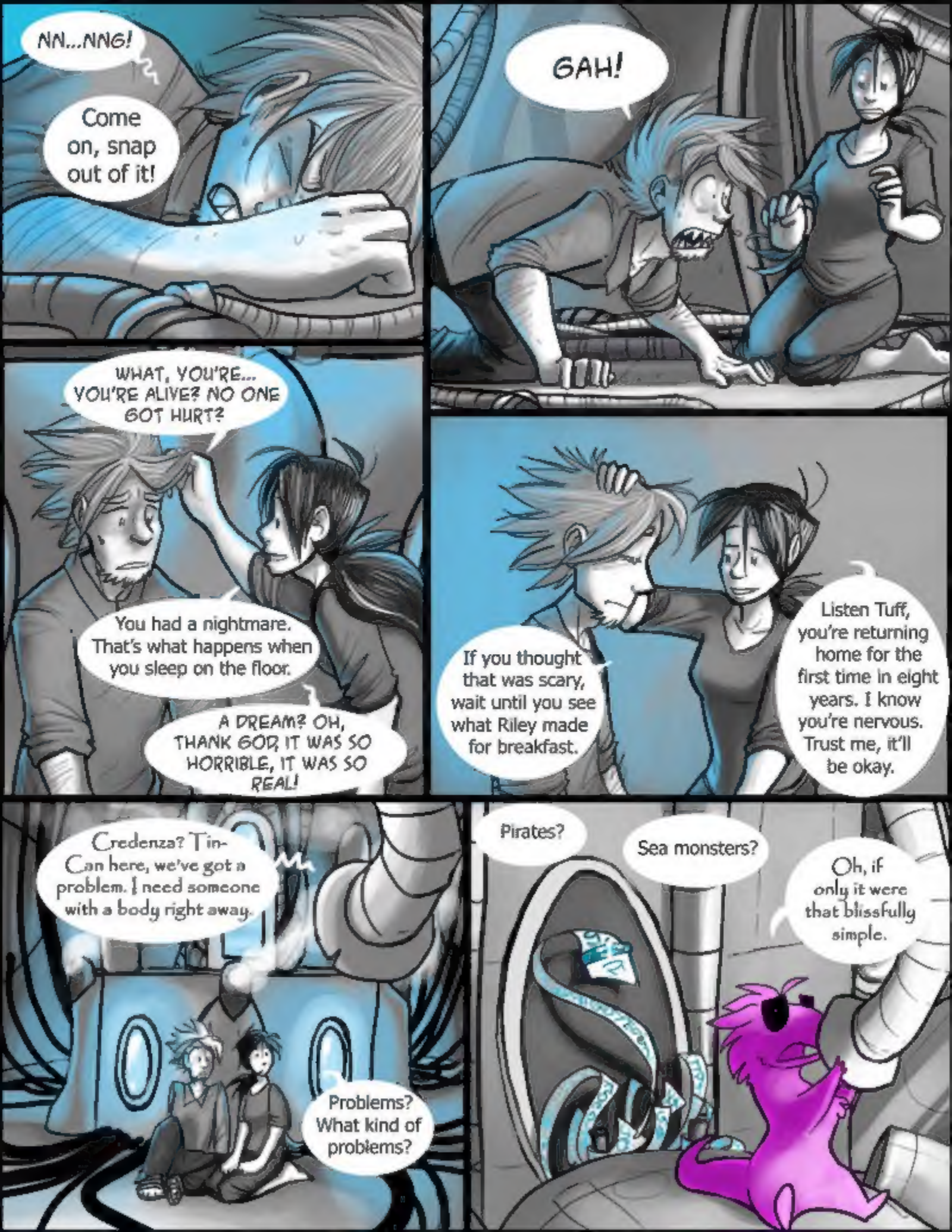
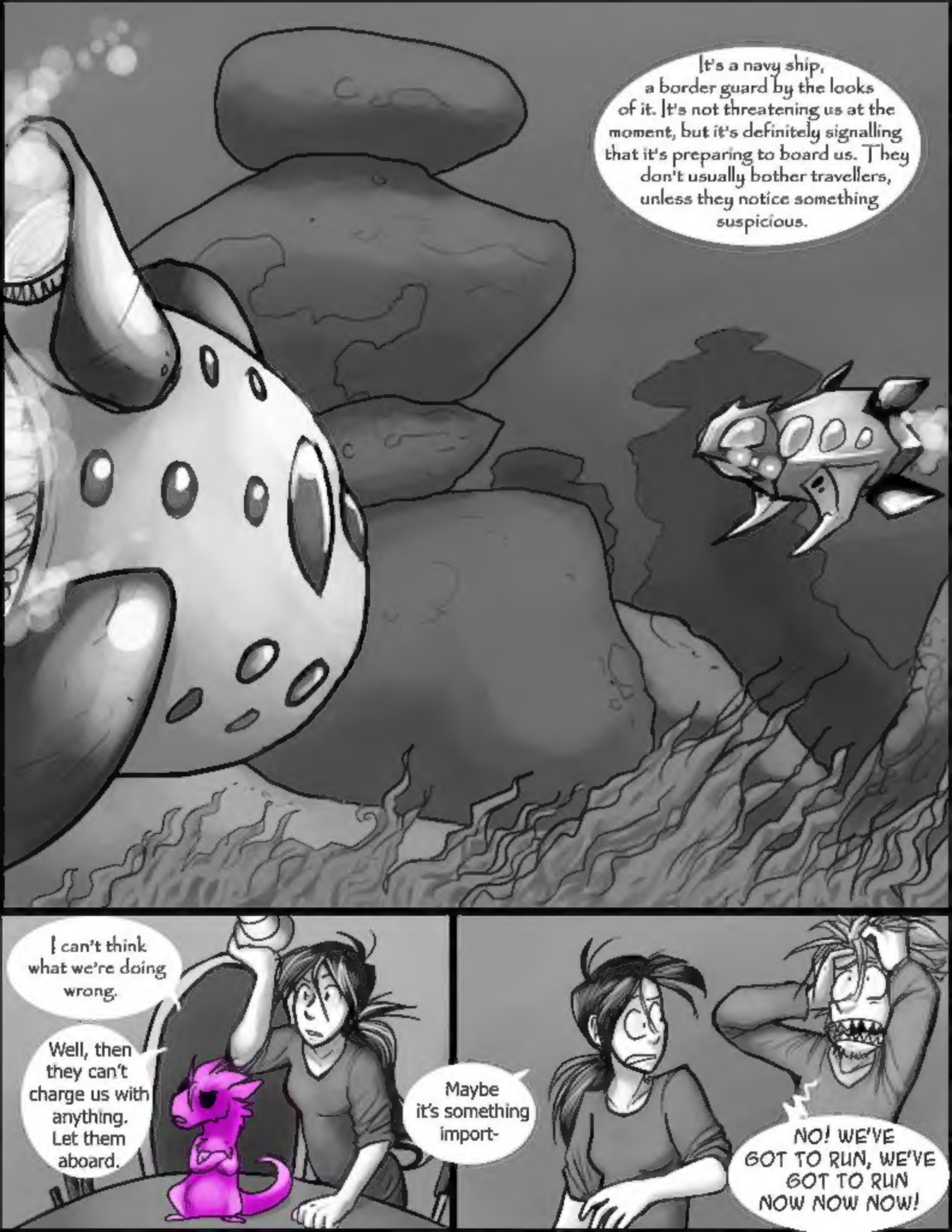
BLOOOOP
Okay Blitz, we're going to have a nice, peaceful breakfast, right?
You're going to use a fork like a grown-up, right?
SPLAP!
Well, so much for that. Hey Riley, the pancakes are disappearing as we speak. Are you done with your half of breakfast yet?
OM NOM NOM
Patience, my lady! This is a Luck family recipe, passed down from generation to generation!
It is, is it? How many generations?
Two, just as soon as I have some sons and daughters to pass it to.
KISS ME I'm SHARKY

Now, it's a bit of an acquired taste, but just one bite and I promise you won't regret it.
Ta-dah! Fish egg omelette casserole!
FLIP! FLOP!
PLUNK
PLUBBLE
POP!
PLAP! FLOP!
IT'S STILL MOVING!
Uh, I'm just going to get Tuff. We wouldn't want him missing out on breakfast.
FLEEEEX
FLIP!
Yeah, this stuff is going to go fast. I think he's calibrating the engine to that new heart crystal Blitz found.
Still? He was doing that when we went to bed last night. Doesn't he ever sleep?
Tuff?
Tuff, are you in here?

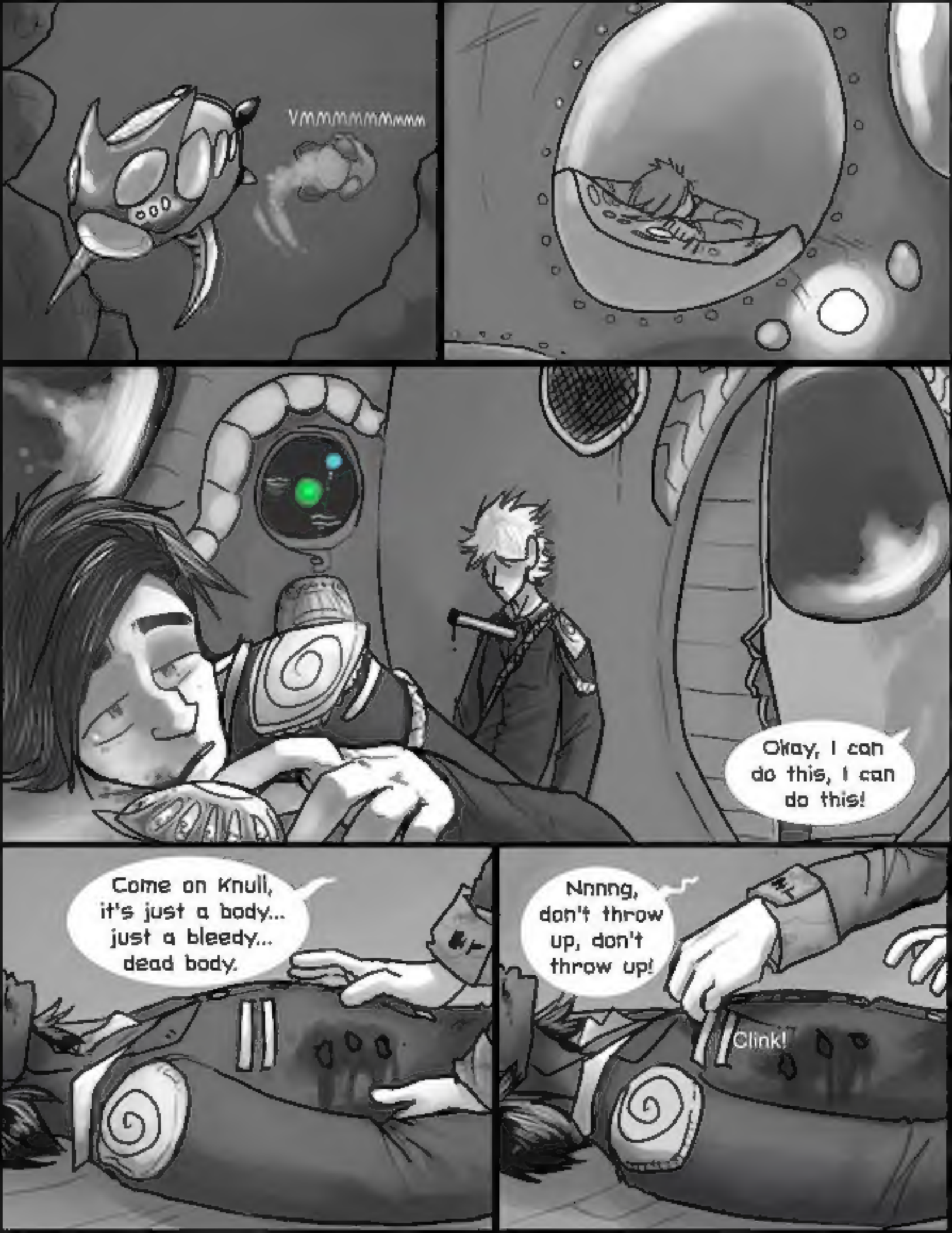
Tuff, are you here or not?!
You're starting to freak me out!
THROM THROM
THROM THROM
Tuff?
Tuff! Wake up!

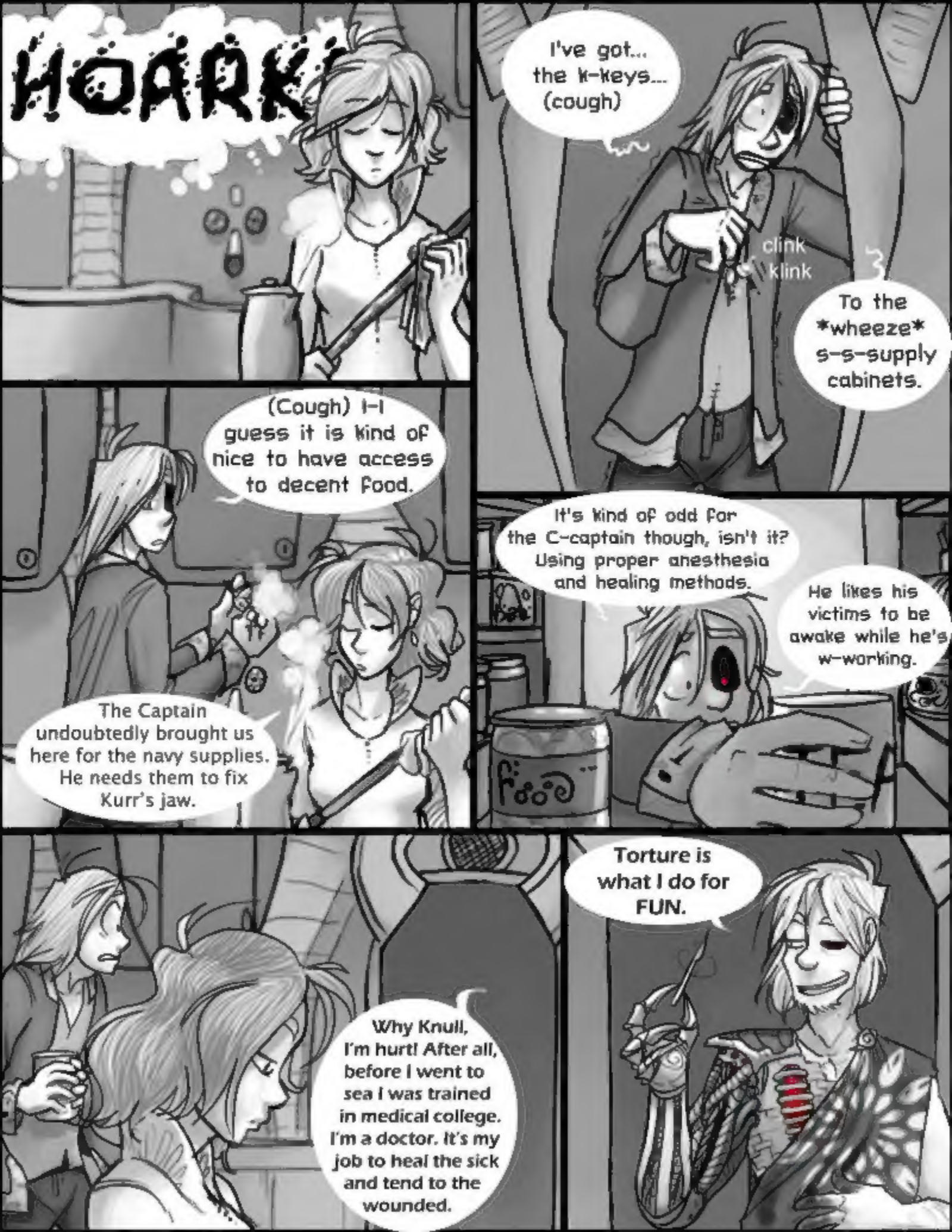

NN...NNG!
Come on, snap out of it!
GAH!
WHAT, YOU'RE... YOU'RE ALIVE? NO ONE GOT HURT?
You had a nightmare. That's what happens when you sleep on the floor.
A DREAM? OH, THANK GOD IT WAS SO HORRIBLE, IT WAS SO REAL!
If you thought that was scary, wait until you see what Riley made for breakfast.
Listen Tuff, you're returning home for the first time in eight years. I know you're nervous. Trust me, it'll be okay.
Credenza? Tin-Can here, we've got a problem. I need someone with a body right away.
Problems? What kind of problems?
Pirates?
Sea monsters?
Oh, if only it were that blissfully simple.


It's a navy ship, a border guard by the looks of it. It's not threatening us at the moment, but it's definitely signalling that it's preparing to board us. They don't usually bother travellers, unless they notice something suspicious.
I can't think what we're doing wrong.
Well, then they can't charge us with anything. Let them aboard.
Maybe it's something import-
NO! WE'VE GOT TO RUN, WE'VE GOT TO RUN NOW NOW NOW!

What?! Tuff, calm down!
WE'RE GOING TO DIE! WE'RE GOING TO DIE AND IT WILL BE ALL MY FAULT!
Oh, cut that out! You've got to focus! Help me figure this out!
Sorry about grabbing your nose. Feeling calmer now?
NYES.
You're not going to panic again?
NYO.
Now, what was that all about?
THERE'S NO TIME TO EXPLAIN IN DEPTH.
CREDENZA... THERE ARE THOSE IN QUILLOTIA WHO MUST NOT KNOW RILEY AND I HAVE RETURNED.
EVEN A BORDER GUARD SUB LIKE THIS ONE MIGHT CAPTURE US IF THEY REALIZED WHO WE WERE. WE CAN'T LET THEM KNOW.
Tuff... did you do something illegal?
DID YOU THINK TWO HOMELESS WERE-SHARKS COULD ACTUALLY AFFORD A SUB LIKE THIS?
I didn't. But I thought it would be rude to mention it.

You... I... we'll talk about this later. We need to find a way to stop them from boarding.
I don't think you'll have to worry about that, Credenza.
I've been watching that sub, and it isn't telling us to pull over.
I helped! I drew a picture!
Forgive me Tin-Can, but you misread the code. I've been reading code for ages.
It isn't saying 'pull over', that light sequence code means: "Stay away. Quarantine."
Anyone on that ship is as good as dead.
Does this mean we're in danger?
The disease can't escape through air tight sub walls. We are quite safe.
So long as we stay away from that sub, and report it to the authorities in Quillotia.


Vmmmmmmmmm
Okay, I can do this, I can do this!
Come on Knull, it's just a body... just a bleedy... dead body.
Nnnng, don't throw up, don't throw up!
Clink!


HOARK!
I've got... the k-keys... (cough)
clink klink
To the *wheeze* s-s-supply cabinets.
(Cough) I-I guess it is kind of nice to have access to decent food.
The Captain undoubtedly brought us here for the navy supplies. He needs them to fix Kurr's jaw.
It's kind of odd for the C-captain though, isn't it? Using proper anesthesia and healing methods.
He likes his victims to be awake while he's w-working.
Food
Why Knull, I'm hurt! After all, before I went to sea I was trained in medical college. I'm a doctor. It's my job to heal the sick and tend to the wounded.
Torture is what I do for FUN.

W-why are you dressed like that, Captain?
This is a *Toram*, it's part of my Quillotian wardrobe. If we are to blend in, we must dress as the Quillotians do.
PAD
PAD
Then should we... GAH! Who are you?
And why are you h-haked?!
Fwah, fumpfing wrong wif your eyefight, runt?
Of course he doesn't recognize you Kurr, you hardly ever take on your human form.
Fyeah, at an I'fe got a hunk of metal phtuck to my fafe.
Yes, I'm afraid your jaw was beyond repair. I improvised using some of the technology from my own arm.
Speaking of which, how does it feel?
Eh, fine I gueff. Itsh a little numb.
Oh, that's the anesthesia patch! Allow me.
RIP!
AUUGH!
#?%! #?%!
QWWW!
(sigh) Figures. All that work and not a word of thanks.
Pants, Kurr! Pants!